EVERY OTHER SUNDAY.

A PAPER FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AND THE HOME.

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MISS NANCY'S EASTER.

BY KATE L. BROWN.

FOR many years the little village of Stanhope had looked down from its perch upon the hills to the broad valley below, through which its own musical river ran toward the sea. It had been a quaint, sleepy place full of old houses and old-time customs. The march of improvement had left it entirely in the rear. One church gathered in all the worshippers, one village store furnished the inhabitants with groceries and dry-goods, and the last house built was still known as the "new house," although it was fifty years old.

But as Rip Van Winkle had his awakening, even so did Stanhope. Some one discovered that Stanhope air, laden with balsamic odors from the pine-clad slopes, and Stanhope views, were superior to anything about. So the place became flooded with summer visitors. Hotels and boarding-houses sprang up as by magic, stores multiplied, and money began to flow into the pockets of the inhabitants. Then, in course of time, a railroad touched the outskirts, and large mills were erected on the Stan, which at this point afforded superior water-power. In fifteen years' time the sleepy little town had grown to be a wide-awake place, full of the hum of business enterprise. It had been recently chosen county town, and its new court-house was the pride of the place.

One individual, however, found continual misery in all these changes. On Main Street, wedged in between the post-office and a market, stood an old weather-beaten house known as the Price place. Years ago Deacon Price was the great man of the village, but now the shabby house sheltered the last representative of his race, — a feeble, embittered old woman. Miss Nancy's life had become thoroughly warped and soured by trouble and loneliness. To her the transformation of her native village seemed a most terrible thing. She regarded the new school-houses with a comical indignation; the stores were only a mark of the modern Babylon; and when All Souls parish erected their cosey, picturesque little church directly opposite her door her wrath knew no bounds.

Miss Nancy herself had never attended church since the day the new organ appeared and the bass-viols disappeared from the gallery of the old church. Perhaps her chief grievance was that Jack Leslie was pastor of the new church. "That boy!" she would exclaim in bitter indignation; "why, only a while ago he stole my sweet apples and painted my calf," forgetting that more than fifteen years had elapsed since these childish misdemeanors, and that the curly-headed rogue was now the man, all the old mischief softened into a gracious frankness and blitheness of heart.

The Rev. Jack thought often of the poor lonely old soul, and tried in his man way to look after her, being neither discouraged nor disheartened by many rebuffs. The Price place had been heavily mortgaged, and several years back had been sold at auction. Bluff old Peter Wade had bought it, and said to Miss Nancy in his off-hand manner, "I wish you 'd stay on and look after the old place. I aint ready yet to make any changes." So Miss Nancy had staid, living on almost nothing, and fiercely refusing all help.

All Souls had originated with the summer boarders, but after a while it began to take root in the affections of the town. Mr. Marcel, the mill owner, was one of its supporters; Professor Hallet the High-School teacher, and the new doctor joined the ranks. As the town grew the church grew also, and was a very united band of earnest workers.

Jack Leslie was one of the old-town boys, and nobody suspected him of any leanings toward the ministry. He had been sent to Harvard College, and after several years the rumor came that he was in the Divinity School. There was a little wonder, soon forgotten in the nearer events of town-life. By-and-by he came back to his old home and preached for the new church. The whole town flocked to hear him, and went away enthusiastic; for certainly Jack had the power to thrill, and a certain sweet persuasiveness that was not without its charm. He was called, settled, and entered upon his work in a short time, full of enthusiasm and unconcealed pleasure at being among his old friends once more.

Jack's parents were dead and the family scattered. But he went to housekeeping in the old home, which was adjoining All Souls and made an excellent parsonage. His constant companion was Marjorie, the twelve-year-old daughter of Jack's dearly-loved sister who had fallen a victim to yellow fever in a Southern city, together with her husband, one of the ministers of the place. Pet Adriance, as she was called, was not only the sunshine of the parsonage but of the town as well. A warm-hearted, impulsive, rather fiery, yet withal winsome little miss, she queened it over every one who came within her circle of influence.

One afternoon in early March, Pet was sitting in the library bay-window putting the finishing touches to a drawing that she was to hand in at school the next day. "I wonder what those boys are hanging around Miss Nancy's for?" she said to herself, wrinkling up her pretty brows. "If they are going to tease her it will be a mean, wicked shame. I guess I had better watch them."

Suddenly another boy came running around the side of the house waving something in his hands.

"What in the world has he got?" queried Pet, opening the window and leaning out. "I do believe it 's a *bonnet and shawl*. I must look after this thing."

It was indeed a bonnet and shawl that the mischievous boy had captured. Miss Nancy had hung out to air a number of garments on the line in her back yard. The boys had seen her, and had laid their plans accordingly. Will Chesney put on the bonnet and shawl, and began to caper about, much to the rapture of his companions and the little street boys, who came tagging on to see the fun. Will ventured inside the yard, and the boys leaned against the gate, which stood open, and outside the fence.

Suddenly the door opened, and Miss Nancy's forbidding face appeared. "Get out of my yard, you noisy boys!" she began in her tartest manner. Then suddenly catching sight of the borrowed finery, she gave one scream of dismay and horror. Miss Nancy was old and feeble, but indignation gave her wings. In an instant she was flying after the astonished boy. Will ran desperately toward the gate; but something most unaccountable happened. The gate opened outward and folded back against the fence. The boys had unconsciously pulled it away from the fence. As they leaned upon it in their excitement it suddenly closed, almost pitching them head over heels into the yard. Now, this gate had a spring lock, which though unused for several years now concluded to act, and Will found himself a prisoner in the yard. Before he could climb over the fence, the furious old woman was upon him. She tore the bonnet and shawl from him, boxed his ears savagely, and pulled his chestnut locks so hard that he could not resist a doleful howl. In the scuffle the lace shawl was torn and the bonnet crushed out of shape. After a few more passionate words Miss Nancy disappeared with her treasures, and at the same moment a small figure came flying into their midst.

"Serves you right!" rang out Pet Adriance's scornful little voice. "For shame, you cowards, bothering a poor, feeble, old woman!"

The boys' faces colored, and their eyes drooped. It was something in Stanhope to be in Pet's favor. It was disgrace to be out of it. Pet settled firmly back, hands behind her, cheeks glowing, and eyes flashing scorn.

"Ah! Mr. Wm. Chesney, Mr. Nat Baker, and the rest of you, I'm ashamed I know you. I'm bitterly ashamed to think you are All Souls' boys. What will Uncle Jack say?" A look of dismay crept over their faces, for the Rev. Jack was the idol of the boys. Pet crawled over the gate, ran up to the side window, and peeped in. After a moment she turned and waved her small hand to the boys. "Come here!" she said imperiously, "every one of you." The boys crept sheepishly along until they stood at her side.

In the old kitchen sat Miss Nancy, the ruined treasures spread out before her. "You may go now," said the scornful little voice. "Go and be ashamed of youselves." The boys turned away, their faces working curiously, and disappeared through the gate of Will's house. What had they seen? Only a poor old woman weeping like a child, and wringing her wrinkled hands in anguish.

The boys made for the barn and clambered up into the loft. Then Will threw himself down on the hay and burst into loud sobs. "I don't care," he said, "it was mean, and I ought to be kicked! Nev-never saw an old woman cry before. Thunder! I'd like to hang myself." By this time all the others were sniffling and hunting for dilatory handkerchiefs.

"We all ought to be kicked," growled Hal Kelsey; whereupon the five began to pommel each other in the most approved style.

In the mean time Pet had made her way into the house, and was kissing and comforting Miss Nancy, her own fresh cheek resting against the withered one. Miss Nancy had long secretly adored Pet, but tortures would not have made her acknowledge it. She was now, however, taken by storm; and from that day the minister's darling ran in and out of the old house whenever she pleased.

A few hours later Pet climbed into her uncle's arms, and told the whole story.

"It 's so dreadful," she sobbed, "to think of *our* boys doing it; and I'm *so* 'shamed, when you told them all about 'Harry Wadsworth' and the 'mottoes,' and our plan for a 'Lend-a-Hand Club.'"

"Cheer up, my little lassie," said Jack, kissing her. "What! are *you* going to give up the ship so soon? It *is* a shame, but it may not end badly. I know a boy who once used Miss Nancy even worse, and he has n't turned out desperately wicked after all. Cheer up, my Pet, I 'll see to our boys."

The spring days went on, and a new interest had dawned in Miss Nancy's life. Pet Adriance ran in to cheer her every day, and the gloomy old house had grown brighter for her presence. The Rev. Jack sometimes came, and while she was invariably cool to him, little of her old fierceness

appeared. One day she turned to him, and remarked, with considerable asperity, —

"You 're no more fit to preach the gospel than a kitten. I hain't forgotten how you painted my calf."

Jack only replied meekly, "I don't really feel fit, Miss Nancy; but we must all try, you know;" and to his intense amusement the old lady softened so far as to say graciously, —

"Oh, well, I don't lay it up agin' ye. I think you 're improvin'."

Easter was late that year. The buds were swelling on the trees, and the pussy willows had come out by the river side. The grass covered the sward with a faint green tracery, and over all bent a spring sky of the most exquisitely tender blue. Sore trouble had come to Miss Nancy. The bank in which her scanty funds were invested had gone to pieces, and she was without a cent in the world. To cap the climax, kind old Peter Wade had died suddenly, and his heirs having a good offer for the old house had decided to sell. What would become of Miss Nancy? Many asked the question, and all answered, "Why, of course she 'll have to go to the Poor-House."

Everybody, did I say? Pet Adriance stormed and fretted herself sick in her own home. Poor Jack tried in vain to console her. "I shall be-be sick if my Miss Nancy has to go to the P-Poor-House," she sobbed. "I think it 's just horrid, and people *pretend* to be Christians."

"What would you do, Pet?" asked Jack.

"Why, I 'd have her come and live with me, and take care of her just as long as she lived. Is n't that what you preach, Uncle Jack, every Sunday? Don't you really *mean* it when you tell people that they ought to think of others before themselves? Would n't *Jesus* have done it?"

Rev. Jack turned away. There was a sudden dimness in his eyes. That precious, inspiring, unspeakably tender ideal of the Christ! Was it not to be realized in such ways as these?

Miss Nancy did not close her eyes in sleep the Saturday night before Easter. What would become of her? She felt like some withered leaf before a fierce winter gale. Just at sunrise she heard a little noise at her front door, and by some impulse rose to see what it was. Nobody was in sight, but on the door-step was a large pot holding a most exquisite Easter lily-plant loaded with creamy golden-hearted blossoms. A slip of paper was tied to the plant, and on it was written in dashing boy chirography, —

Please accept this lily with our love. We are sorry we hurt your bonnet. It was mean.

THE BOYS.

Miss Nancy lifted the flower with something akin to reverence, and carried it into the house. There it stood glorifying the old room, and whispering messages of hope to the lonely old soul. A strange, new emotion was tugging at her heart. It was no longer easy to wrap herself in her own pride, and stand aloof from the world. Some hitherto starved feeling begged for companionship and comfort.

The Easter bells were filling the air with their sweet music when Miss Nancy, in her antique garb, crossed the threshold of All Souls. The church was one bower of beauty and perfume. Roses flung their rich fragrance on the air, lilies swung their snowy censers, and palms rustled. The winter had passed, and all fresh upspringing life rejoiced in the Resurrection Feast.

A sweet strain of music trembled in the distance. It drew nearer and nearer, and through the open chapel doors came the children with their banners, singing as they went, —

"Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war."

The choir joined with them as they moved down the aisle, — tender little Christian soldiers, only just beginning to know the blessedness of such service.

Miss Nancy listened as in a dream. She heard the sweet carols and the comfortable old words of Scripture as she had heard them long ago in her youth. But when the young minister stood up in his place, she did not think of him as the mischievous lad who had worried her life and kept it in continual ferment. It came to her then and there that life had moved on, and that she had not moved with it.

"Christ has risen," continued the earnest voice, "and he bids us rise with him. There are many graves in this universe, and human hearts lie enchained within them. There is the grave of selfishness, of pride, of greed, of indifference; ay, there are countless others that your own consciences will discover to you. But Christ comes to you and says, 'Arise! break these chains. Come with me up into the warmth and cheer of God's life. Come with me into that life of love and service whose beginning is man, — whose end is God. You are sick and sad, tired, discouraged with life and yourself. But I have trod that path before you. I know its shadows, and I will never leave you.' 'T is the Master's voice speaking to us all. Shall we not answer gladly, 'Lord, here am I!'"

The beautiful Easter day faded to its close. Miss Nancy sat alone in her dreary room. But it was no longer dreary to her. A strange peace had come upon the poor old soul, for she had laid her burden down where so many weary hearts had lain their's, — at the dear Lord's feet. "I won't worry any more; I guess He 'll take care o' me," she said softly to herself. The setting sun threw a flood of dazzling light into the poor room, and in the very centre of its glory stood Jack and Marjorie with smiling faces.

"It 's the last time, Mr. Jack," said the old lady. "The old house goes to-morrow, and I don't know where I 'm to go."

"You are going home with me," said Jack, tenderly, "and it shall be home to you as long as you live. Pet and I want some dear old lady to come and mother us. Will you try it, Miss Nancy, and let me make you forget that I ever tormented the life out of you?"

"*Going to live with Pet?*" cried the bewildered soul. "Why, I *love* Pet."

"And Pet loves you, too, and we both want you. Will you come Miss Nancy?"

"Will I go to *heaven?*" sobbed the poor soul. "Yes, — I will be good. I can work. I 'll do *anything* to be with Pet."

The stars looked down upon Miss Nancy as she spent her last night in the old house. Before her lay the new life, full of love and sunshine. The old life had passed with its self-love, its pride, and hardness. The heart had risen with Christ from its grave of death. The moonbeams fell over the silver lily cups that seemed to whisper sweet messages of love and forgiveness. The hard heart was softened. Love and penitence had entered in.

And so under the silver moonbeams, with the new life stretching before her, and the Easter gladness in her heart, Miss Nancy folded her old hands and prayed humbly from the depths of a full heart, —

"God be merciful unto me a sinner."

History and Biography.

IN THE CATACOMBS.[1]

BY THE EDITOR.

When we visit the graves of our departed friends, we go to some beautiful cemetery like Mount Auburn. Passing through the stately gateway, we walk along under the shadow of great trees or by the side of crystal ponds and sparkling fountains; we hear the singing of birds, and the rich colors and sweet odors of flowers greet us on every hand. In the midst of a flower-sprinkled lawn overarched by elms or willows rises the memorial stone of marble or of granite, on which we read the name of the one who "went before," the dates of his birth and death, and, it may be, a verse of some tender hymn or a sweet Bible sentence that expresses the immortal hope.

If, however, we had lived in the city of Rome during the first three or four hundred years after Christ, and had wished to visit the grave of a departed friend, we should have had to go into a very different kind of cemetery. The pagan Romans burned the bodies of their dead and put the ashes into urns, which they laid away in splendid tombs. But the Christian Romans buried their dead; only, instead of digging the graves in the earth as we do, they cut them out of the soft volcanic rock under the little hills that dotted the surface of the Campagna, — that great stretch of plain which extends from the walls of Rome to the Alban and Sabine hills. When they had made one of these underground burial-places beneath the surface of the hill, digging long passage-ways from end to end, and then crossing these with other paths from side to side, — they would dig still lower down, and make a second cemetery underneath the first. The graves, or *loculi* ("little places") as they were called, were for the most part cut in the side walls along these passage-ways. When the body clad in grave-clothes, but not put into a coffin, had been laid away in the niche prepared for it, the entrance was closed by slabs of stone and sealed perfectly tight. The outer surface of the gravestone was then covered with plaster or stucco, and upon this was cut or painted the name of the person buried in the *loculus*, with emblems and epitaphs expressing the faith and hope of the survivors.

In the picture on page 117 the reader will find a scene in one of these Roman catacombs. The dark passage-way is lighted from above by a Roman lamp. In front of one of the tiers of *loculi* that rise one above the other from the floor, stands a widow holding up her fatherless child that he may kiss his father's gravestone. On this stone we see the name FABIUS, followed by a Christian emblem, — a heart; and on the other side of this the word MARTUR, meaning *martyr*. Below these is the monogram of Christ, the first two Greek letters of the word Christos; and a little to the right of the monogram are the Latin words IN PACE, — that is, *in peace*. The palm-branches on either side of the grave are symbols of the faith which gave the soul its victory.

This verse from a modern hymn well expresses the meaning of these emblems and of that simple inscription: —

"The peace which God bestows
Through him who died and rose,
The peace the Father giveth through the Son,
Be known in every mind,
The broken heart to bind,
And bless each traveller as he journeys on."

[1] See the picture on page 117.

Our Letter-Box.

"The heights of great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight;
But they while their companions slept
Were toiling upward in the night."

The quotation given above was sent us by Effie G. Rice, of Berlin, Massachusetts, with the answer to Enigma X., as one which she "likes very much." We think our readers will all agree with her. Other selections from Longfellow's poems are given below in the letters in which they occur. We are much pleased with the interest awakened by that enigma. Eddie H. Brenan and Nattie Litchfield, two boys whose homes lie far apart,—one living in Marietta, Ohio, the other in Boston, — send correct answers to various puzzles in Nos. 9, 10, and 12, among them being also that of the Longfellow enigma. Will they not send us some quotation from Longfellow's poems, to add to those already given? We shall be glad to hear from other readers also.

Editor Every Other Sunday:

I find the answer to the very interesting enigma No. X. to be the following verse from Longfellow's beautiful poem, "A Psalm of Life": —

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.'

Perhaps it is more interesting and pleasant for me, as I was born in the same city and but a few blocks from where our "favorite American poet" was. . . . I will also comply with your request and send some quotations from his poems that seem very beautiful to me, and are also "helpful or elevating thoughts." From "Resignation" I send, —

"There is no Death! what seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call Death."

From "The Rainy Day," —

"Be still, sad heart! and cease repining;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary."

From "Hymn To The Night," —

"O holy Night! from thee I learn to bear
What man has borne before!
Thou layest thy finger on the lips of Care,
And they complain no more."

From "The Building of the Ship," —

"Ah, how skilful grows the hand
That obeyeth Love's command!
It is the heart, and not the brain,
That to the highest doth attain,
And he who followeth Love's behest
Far excelleth all the rest!"

Very truly yours,
G. E. McMurdie.

Hereford Ranch, Decatur, Texas.

Editor Every Other Sunday:

Mamma, my sisters, and myself solved Enigma X. I guessed the name Longfellow. We looked in the Cyclopædia and found all the answers except two, "Charles River" and "Washington." . . . In the evening Mamma read to us while we worked, "Curfew," "Paul Revere's Ride," "The Children's Hour," and "The Hanging of the Crane." I liked "Paul Revere's Ride" best, and I am going to learn it. Mamma also showed us a Christmas Card. It is a picture of Longfellow and his children by the fireside, and underneath the picture is the first verse of "The Children's Hour;" and around them all is a picture of Excelsior, one of Evangeline, one of John Alden, one of Priscilla, one of Paul Revere, and one of Lady Wentworth

Bess Houts, 11 years old.

ENIGMA XIII.

I am composed of 41 letters.
My 1, 30, 6, is used for fishing.
My 39, 8, 16, is a personal pronoun.
My 14, 26, 39, is a boy's name.
My 5, 15, 3, 4, is to wander.
My 13, 7, 15, 39, is a city on the Hudson.
My 24, 32, 27, 37, is not false.
My 10, 2, 18, 22, is a girl's name.
My 17, 33, 40, 20, is worn on the foot.
My 28, 19, 12, is an insect.
My 29, 21, 31, 13, 11, 12, is small.
My 32, 26, 38, 30, is a flower.
My 35, 23, 34, 12, is a color.
My 25, 41, 29, 19, is a guide.
My 36, 9, 6, 2, is a musical instrument.
My whole is a precept.

Union City, Penn.

R. M. F., 11 years old

ENIGMA XIV.

I am composed of 51 letters.
My 42, 4, 7, 15, is benevolent.
My 3, 43, 5, 31, 3, 46, is both an adverb and an adjective.
My 18, 8, 44, 29, 49, 41, 45, is restored.
My 47, 39, 16, 18, 51, is a short narrative.
My 1, 20, 18, 11, 6, 32, 50, 3, is pertaining to a wall.
My 12, 33, 18, 37, 24, 25, is a shrill cry.
My 48, 40, 24, 30, 30, 20, 3, 17, 35, 26, 50, 38, 10, is a book of the New Testament in which occur the following: "For now we live, if ye stand fast in the Lord."
My 23, 26, 36, 40, is elevated.
My 19, 14, 27, is a male child.
My 9, 2, 15, is earth filled with the roots of grass.
My 21, 41, 22, is both an adverb and a conjunction.
My 13, 34, 28, 29, is the alternate rising and falling of the waters of the ocean.
My whole is a proverb.

Union City, Penn.

H. P. S., 11 years old.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 13.

Charade II. Pentecost.

Acrostic I.

Saul.
Aaron.
Meshach.
Sinai.
Orpah.
Naaman.
} Samson.

For Youngest Readers.

GRANDMA'S BIRTHDAY.

BY OLIVE A. PRESCOTT.

ES. Grandma was to have a birthday, just as little boys and girls do; and it was coming in that pleasant month when all the fruit-trees are pink and white.

Little Jack and Nellie had been thinking for many days what they could do for Grandma that she would like very much. Jack had suggested candy; but Nellie, who was older than Jack, said, "No, indeed! Grandma is too old for candy;" and she thought of a new cap or pretty apron. They could not decide which it should be; and the very day came without any gift for her. But when they awoke that bright May morning, Nellie exclaimed, "Oh, Jack! I know what we can do for Grandma that she will like very, very much. Don't you know how many stories she has told us about going out in the early morning to drive the cows to pasture, and how she brought home whole armfuls of the pretty apple-blossoms? We can get her ever so many flowers, and make her think she is a little girl again." So the two children arose, and dressing quickly hurried downstairs and out at the side door, so that Grandma would not hear them if she happened to be awake. Away they went through the wet grass, up the long hill to the orchard where Papa's apple-trees were. The robin seemed to say as they went, "I am so glad; I am so glad! I know she will be; I know she will be!" They soon found many branches hanging low that were loaded with the fresh, sweet flowers. Then they ran home wondering all the way whether Grandma would be up, and how they could keep her in the sitting-room until breakfast, for they were going to cover her plate and chair with flowers. Mamma helped them however, and not until Grandma came out into the dining-room did she suspect what had been done. Can you see how happy Grandma looked as she stepped to her place and found it so beautiful? She did think of the time when she was a little girl, and also of the little children who had tried so hard to make her birthday pleasant. She kissed them both, and the breakfast that morning was remembered for a long time.

PUSSY WILLOWS.

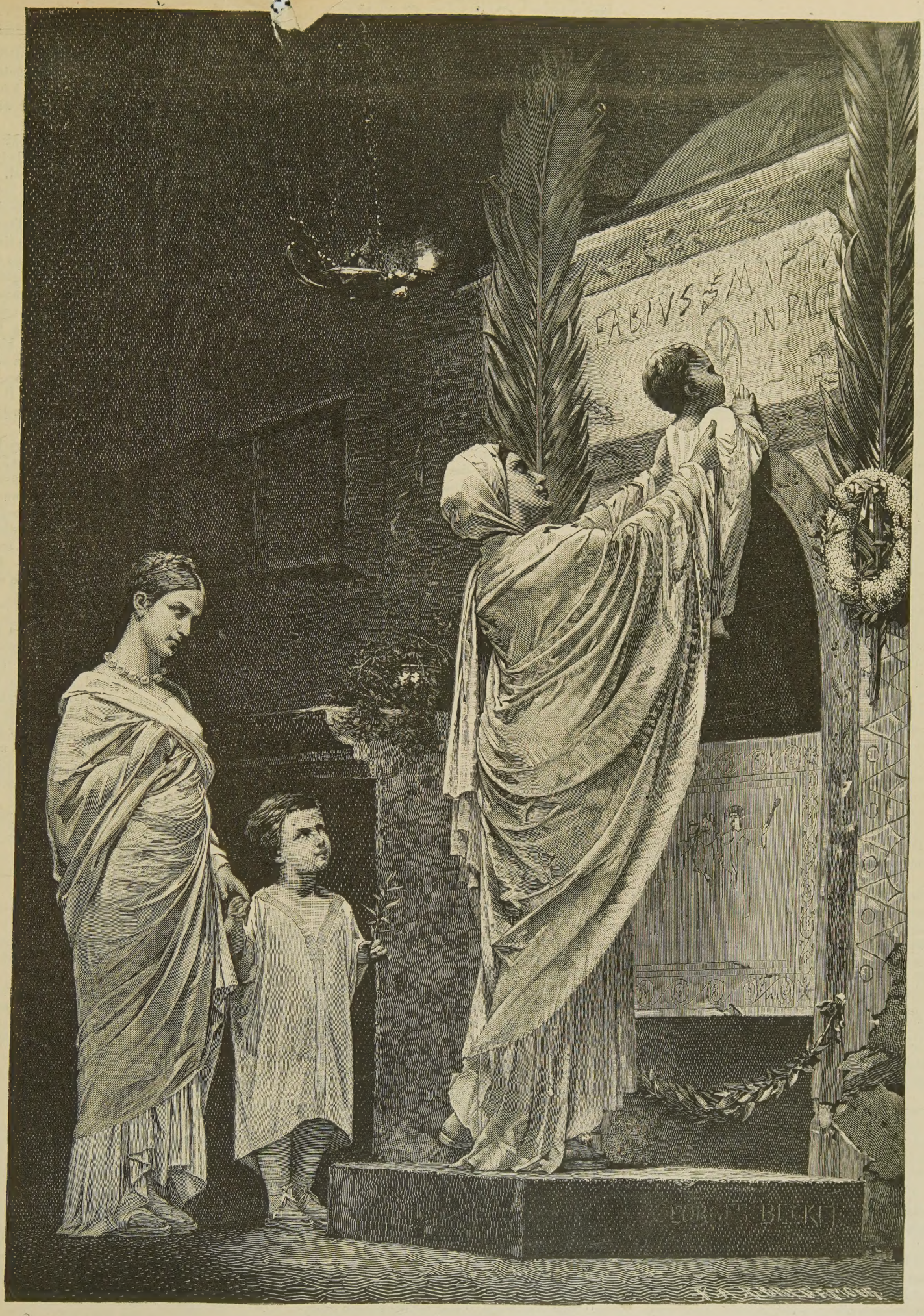
WRITTEN FOR EVERY OTHER SUNDAY.

BY CARO A. DUGAN.

See! the Spring's fair children,
First-born of the year!
Little Pussy-willows
All at once are here;
Happy little faces
Under hoods of gray,
In their warm fur-wrappings
Blithe and brave are they.

Now they flash defiance
To the ling'ring snows;
Greet with winsome smiling
Every wind that blows, —
Then through days of sunlight
Shine with all their might, —
In the wild March weather
Finding true delight.

Darling Pussy-willows!
We may learn of you
That, in storm or sunshine,
All we have to do
Is to shine our brightest,
Smile our happiest,
Knowing that God's weather
Must be always best.



IN THE CATACOMBS. *See page* 115.

Open Leaves from Nature's Book.

THE SLEEP OF PLANTS.

BY ELISE ARNAUD.

How many of the readers of EVERY OTHER SUNDAY have ever seen a sensitive-plant? The stem is covered with short, stiff hairs which project vertically, and the leaves are arranged in clusters of four, at irregular intervals along the stalk.

Professor Asa Gray has described the three sets of motions that this plant will make when roughly brushed by the hand. Each leaf is composed of various little leaflets, which close in pairs and bend forward; then the four branches of the leaf-stalk which were outspread like a fan come together; then the main leaf-stalk turns down, bending at its joint. The leaf-cluster then looks something like the ament of the black alder, known as "sheep tails." It has been found that many plants have a similar position at night. Have you not seen the oxalis folding itself up before sundown, as if for rest?

The great Swedish botanist Linnæus made some most interesting observations, spending whole nights in his garden that he might observe the behavior of his beloved flowers. He noticed that some plants and vegetables change so in the night that it is difficult even to recognize them. He also noticed that plants in the greenhouses behave just like plants in the open air, so that it is not heat, but the absence of light that governs their changes.

A celebrated French botanist took a sensitive-plant and exposed it to the light at night, and to the shade during the day. The poor little plant seemed thoroughly confused, and opened and shut its leaves without any fixed rule. After a while, however, it seemed to consent to the new order of things, and opened its leaves in the night which was day to the plant, and closed them in the day that had become its night.

The sensitive-plant while feeling every shock seems to have the power of accustoming itself to it. A botanist who was carrying one in a wagon noticed that at the first motion the leaves drooped together, but after a while came to their usual position.

Plants are the busiest of God's little workers. They have to catch so much rain and sunshine, and must draw so many juices from the soil, to convert into sap. Then they must attract bees to get pollen to fertilize their seeds. And when the baby buds come, they must tend them as all baby things have to be tended. So you see that like human beings, the plants need sleep that they may be ready for their next day's work.

CROSS-BEARERS.

BY ELIZABETH P. CHANNING.

"MOTHER, am I very old-looking?" asked Roland Antrim, as he laid down his school-books.

"Not at all. What made you think so?"

"I overheard Jack Colby say, 'That old-young man Roland will get the prize.'"

"It is your uncle's coat which gives you that venerable air."

"If that 's all, who cares?" said the lad, who knew his mother would have said he looked old if he had. "The coat is warm and strong," giving it a tug, "but I wish the arm-size was larger."

"Oh, Mother!" burst in Molly, as she rushed into the room, "I 've had such a glorious run all of my hat," pulling off a drab-colored round hat, with no trimming, and much the worse for wear. "Florence threw back her curls, and said, 'I do believe you 've worn that hat forever. I do believe it is one of Roland's old ones. I do believe it has been sat on.' I told her I guessed it had. To-morrow I'll tell her it has," and down plumped Molly on the already too-flat hat.

Her little sister Sue shouted, and their mother could scarcely help smiling, it was so pleasant to see how undisturbed healthy, cheerful Molly was by trifles.

"I would not make the hat look worse. But I'm glad you do not envy Florence her fine hat. I wish, however, you would learn your lessons as well as she does. Did she miss to-day? No? How many times did you?"

"Twice. Her steeple-crown had no chance with my flat-boat. I was home before she crossed Greene Street."

"Sue, my dear," said the mother, as she looked at her neat little girl, "nothing has been said against your clothes, I think?"

"Nothing much; only Florence (Mother, why did n't I have curls like Florence?),— Florence winked at my shoe-toes, and whispered to her friend, 'Poor as rats!' Did she mean my shoes? They *are* stubbed."

"It was not kind to say so, Sue. I hope no child of mine will ever say it to one poorer than herself. Florence meant what is the truth, that we *are* poor, very poor, compared with her father. But I feel rich-poor with my three dears, living in the country with those grand hills to look at, and the birds and the sun-sets. Can't you think of ways in which we are rich?"

"Yes, yes!" said Molly, always readiest to speak, "that dear little wood fire, and this dear little woman of a mother," throwing her arms around Mrs. Antrim's neck.

"Father's books," said Roland, "and strength to saw wood, and eyes to see."

"My doll, and porringer, and Topsy," cried Sue.

"Dinner is now ready," said their mother; "the rib of beef was very good Roland. I made a stew of it, and dumplings of grandma's apples."

After the short grace, "Make us grateful for all our blessings," the mother looked around on the happy faces. There was no cloud on her's. She took thought for the morrow, but not anxious thought. A sad accident had left the children fatherless, but she trusted the Everlasting Arms that were under them.

She wished Roland could go to college, because his father wished it, and she thought him fit to go. But if it could not be, she would train him to be useful and wise in a plainer lot She did not know that the uncle who gave the old coat watched Roland pass that very day, and said to himself, "Yon's a good lad; good to his mother; not above wearing old clothes; a bright scholar, I'm told. I'll send him to college when the time comes."

Mrs. Antrim, like all mothers, would have rejoiced to have her children dress like their mates. But she did not make a religion of clothes. Fine feathers might make fine birds, but to her mind fine clothes did not make fine children.

"Now," said she, "that we have eaten everything up (yes, Sue, you can have that remnant of dumpling), you must help me clear away. Roland, we shall want wood to-morrow; Molly will help me with the dishes, and Sue can finish hemming the towel. And then, when you have fed the chickens and given Topsy a run, I will read you a very short story."

When the happy children's hour came, Mrs. Antrim said, "It is told by a sweet English lady, not living, Miss Keary by name. I will call it the Cross-Bearers. And you must *carry* your cross, not let it drag on the ground. I am thinking of a little picture in a French book. There are two figures, each with crosses of the same size, climbing a hill; one figure has taken his cross on his shoulder, and is marching bravely and lightly on, his head lifted up to the blue sky overhead, and scarcely seeming to know that he has a cross to carry at all. The other figure is letting his cross drag behind him, pulling it up after him, never able to take his eyes off the cross for a moment, and feeling its burden and its hindrance at every step. The motto to that picture is, 'Il ne faut pas trainer ses croix?' I need not translate the French, as Molly is studying it."

"But, Mother," said Molly, who was very literal, "*we* do not carry crosses, heavy crosses!"

"No, dear, not heavy crosses, now you are children. Nor did Miss Keary when she was a child. Sometime I will read you about her happy childhood, and the odd games she and her brothers and sisters invented. She had the heavy cross of sore sickness to bear before she died. But she had pin-prick crosses to bear when she was a child, just as you have."

"Pin-prick! how funny!"

"Yes, you know what a mite of a prick a pin gives, but it is sharp. These pin-prick crosses come often. I want my children to bear them well. We shall be rich, indeed, if we take our cross, small or great, on our shoulders, march bravely and lightly on, our head lifted towards the blue sky overhead, scarcely seeming to know that we have a cross to carry at all. Then," murmured Mrs. Antrim, half to herself, as she looked toward the golden sunset, "we shall be clothed with light and the garment of holiness."

Roland, who caught the glorified look, thought, "No other boy in the world has so good and beautiful a mother as I have."

SPRING.

BY MARY MARTIN.

THE pillared clouds against a sullen sky
Shut in the day;
Like frozen waves on Arctic seas they lie,
Stone-faced and gray.
Against them are the gaunt trees pencilled out
Bare and unclad:
Low hills, flat meads, — the landscape all about
Is dark and sad.

There is a look of hopelessness, an air
As of old age,
Of ended life, too quiet for despair, —
Of the last page
And the last word written, the tired pen
Laid down; the breath
Of Nature coming slow and faint, and then
The sleep of Death.

Yet even now, unseen beneath the clod,
The pulse is stirred
To bring green freshness to the dry brown sod,
And bud and bird
To naked woods; till from the heart of Death
Life, wakening,
Opens soft eyes of laughter as she saith,
"I AM THE SPRING."[1]

Independent.

[1] See picture on page 113.

SEVEN TIMES NINE IN JUNE.

BY LUCY WHEELOCK.

It was a fine June morning. The fountain was playing on the Common, and all the pansy faces in the Garden, fresh from their night-bath, looked up smiling to the blue sky. The swan-boat on the pond had already begun its trips, and Carol Weeks and his mamma stopped to look at a merry party of children who were beginning their holiday in town by a sail.

"I wish I did n't have to go to school to-day," Carol said, as he turned away. "The Garden is so pretty in the morning, and I should like to sail my boat to-day! And I never can learn the *seven* and *eight* table! Miss Lee said if we did n't know the *sevens* to-day we must stay after school, and I almost know I shall fail."

"Try your best, dear," said mamma, as they reached the corner gate, and she kissed him good-by. "If you learn the lesson perfectly and come home promptly, we will have dinner at once and go to West Roxbury Park, where you can gather daisies and play in the grass all the afternoon. Will you try?"

"Goodie!" said Carol. "Yes, I'll try hard; but" — here his face fell — "I never can remember whether seven times eight is fifty-six or sixty-three."

"Try, try again," said his mamma, turning towards home, while Carol trudged on to school.

An hour later, he was sitting with his multiplication card before him, saying over and over, "Seven times eight are fifty-six; seven times nine are sixty-three," and so on; but somehow the sevens got curiously mixed up with daisies, parks, sail-boats, and swans. He could not help wondering whether there were any ponds in West Roxbury Park, and whether he could take his boat there. And so when he came to seven times eight he was more puzzled than ever. The hands of the clock were getting dangerously near to eleven o'clock, and he was no nearer to a perfect lesson.

At last he thought he would write out the table, it would be easier to keep the place then. He had just copied seven times twelve when his class was called. He crumpled the scrap of paper in his hand and took his place on the settee.

"Put the paper in your pocket," said a soft voice in his heart.

"No," said another voice, "keep it in your hand; maybe you can take a peep at it before your turn comes."

"It is not fair to look," said the soft voice, "it would be cheating."

"But you can't go to the Park if you miss," replied the other voice, "and it would be a pity to lose this lovely day."

"What would your mother say if you cheated?" said the soft voice.

"Think of the daisies!" said the other.

Poor Carol's mind was in such a whirl by this time that he hardly noticed when his name was called until his neighbor nudged him.

"If oranges are seven cents apiece, what will nine oranges cost?" asked Miss Lee.

Yes, there it was, seven times nine, and Carol had forgotten it again. His face grew very red; he looked down at his right hand, which held the scrap of paper. Oh, if he only could see it!

"Be an honest boy," said the soft voice, and the bit of paper fluttered down to the floor.

"Sixty-five cents," answered Carol, doubtfully.

"No," said Miss Lee. "Next."

Carol sat down in confusion. Visions of green fields faded from his mind, and another struggle with long rows of figures faced him; but he did not feel so miserable as he expected.

"You did n't do it! You did n't do it!" a happy voice kept saying in his heart.

After the class Carol saw Miss Lee pick up the scrap of paper, look at it, and lay it on her desk.

"Now she 'll know everything," said Carol to himself; "but I did n't do it!"

One o'clock came, and all of Carol's class who had not failed were dismissed. The boy drew a little sigh as he thought of another hot half-hour, and no daisies; but just then he heard his name called. "Miss Lee is going to scold me, because I meant to look," he thought. "I 'm glad I can say I did n't."

But Miss Lee did not look at all as if she were going to scold. In fact she looked at him in such a very loving way, that it reminded him of his mother; and this is what she said: —

"I know how very hard it is to learn lessons on pleasant June days, and how hard this little boy tried to do right, even if he missed his question; and I am so glad that he overcame the temptation, that I could not think of giving him any more lessons to-day, and he is dismissed."

"Do you really mean it?" said Carol, joyfully. "Oh, thank you! Perhaps mamma will take me to the Park after all."

"I think she will," said Miss Lee, smiling.

And she did.

"I never had such a good time in my life," said Carol, when he reached home at night with a basket full of daisies, and a bunch of the finest ones for Miss Lee.

"I used to know a little song," said Mrs. Weeks, "and the end of it was, —

"'Our hearts are so happy,
Because we do right.'"

TEN MINUTES OF SCRIPTURAL GEOGRAPHY.

A GENERAL SUNDAY-SCHOOL EXERCISE.

Written for Every Other Sunday.

[Use a map of Palestine and (for the last part of the exercise) one of Jerusalem and its surroundings. Let each place be pointed out as it is spoken of. If the school has not the desired maps, let them be drawn on the blackboard, and the places spoken of here put down].

Superintendent. You have all been studying the Life of Christ, have learned where he was born, where he worked his miracles, where he taught the people, and where he was crucified. Now, I want to see how much you remember of the geography of the New Testament; that is, of the situation of places mentioned in it, and the events that transpired in those places. To begin, what place is this?

1st Scholar. Bethlehem.

Supt. What happened there? Some of these little ones can tell me that.

Younger Scholar. Christ was born there.

Supt. And what place is this?

2d S. Nazareth, where he lived.

Supt. And here, just a little above, is —?

3d S. Cana, where Christ performed his first two miracles.

Supt. Tell us what they were.

3d S. Turning the water into wine at the marriage feast, and healing the nobleman's son, who was sick of a fever.

Supt. Did Christ go to the sick boy?

4th S. No, sir. The nobleman lived in Capernaum, but "when he heard that Jesus was come into Galilee, he went unto him and besought him that he would come down and heal his son: for he was at the point of death.

"Jesus saith unto him, Go thy way; thy son liveth. And the man believed the word that Jesus had spoken unto him, and he went his way.

"And as he was going down his servants met him and told him, saying, thy son liveth." (John iv. 47, 50, 51.)

Supt. At what other places did Christ perform miracles? Come and point them out as you mention them.

5th S. Bethsaida, near the entrance of the Jordan into the Sea of Galilee, where he fed the five thousand, having only five barley loaves and two small fishes (John vi. 14–21), and Capernaum on the Lake of Galilee, where most of his miracles of healing were performed.

Supt. Who can mention some of these?

6th S. The healing of the demoniac in the synagogue (Mark i. 21–27), of Peter's mother-in-law of a fever (Luke iv. 38, 39), of the centurion's servant of the palsy (Matt. viii. 5–13), and of the leper (Mark i. 40–43). It was there also that he healed the paralytic (Luke v. 18–26), the daughter of Jairus and the diseased woman (Luke viii. 41–56), the two blind men and the "dumb man possessed with a devil" (Matt. ix. 27–35), and the man with the withered hand whom he cured on the Sabbath in the synagogue (Mark iii. 1–6).

Supt. What else is there of interest connected with this place?

7th S. It was near Capernaum that Jesus delivered the Sermon on the Mount, and it was probably there that he chose his disciples.

Supt. Who can give us the names of the twelve?

8th S. "Now the names of the twelve apostles are these: The first, Simon, who is called Peter, and Andrew his brother; James *the son* of Zebedee, and John his brother; Philip and Bartholemew; Thomas, and Matthew the publican; James *the son* of Alpheus, and Lebbæus, whose surname was Thaddeus; Simon the Canaanite, and Judus Iscariot, who also betrayed him" (Matt. x. 2, 3, 4).

Supt. There is one more thing in connection with this place. Who can tell me?

9th S. It was the home of Matthew the publican, who afterwards became one of Christ's disciples, and who wrote the first Gospel in the New Testament.

Supt. What other places of interest are there on this lake?

10th S. Bethsaida, the city of Philip, Andrew, and Peter; Magdala, the home of Mary Magdalene, "out of whom went seven devils;" and Emmaus, towards which two of the disciples were journeying when Christ appeared to them after his crucifixion.

Supt. What other places have you studied about?

11th S. Nain in Galilee, and Sychar in Samaria.

Supt. What did you learn occurred in those places?

11th S. It was at Nain that Christ restored the widow's son to life, and at Sychar that he conversed with the woman of Samaria at the well.

12th S. And here is Bethabara, where Christ was baptized by John the Baptist; and along here on the western side of the Dead Sea is the Wilderness of Judea, where he wandered forty days and forty nights, and where he was tempted by the Devil.

Supt. Who can point out the Sea of Galilee and tell us of the important events that occurred on its waters?

13th S. Peter, Andrew, James, and John were fishing there when Christ called them to follow him, and it was from its waters that Peter drew the miraculous draught of fishes at Christ's command. On this lake also Christ and his disciples were sailing when "there arose a great storm of wind, and the waves beat into the ship, so that it was now full. And he was in the hinder part of the ship, asleep on a pillow; and they awake him and say unto him, Master, carest thou not that we perish? And he arose and rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea, Peace, be still, and the wind ceased, and there was a great calm." (Mark iv. 37, 38, 39.) Here it was also that Christ appeared to his disciples walking upon the water; and after his resur-

rection his third appearance to them was on the shore of this lake.

Supt. What other places of interest can you point out?

14*th S.* Here is Mount Hermon, upon which the transfiguration is supposed to have occurred. This is Jericho, the home of Zacchæus the publican, at whose house Christ stayed on his last journey to Jerusalem. It was just outside this place that Christ gave sight to the blind man Bartimæus. (Mark x. 44–51.)

15*th S.* Going nearer to Jerusalem, we come to Bethany, the home of the sisters Martha and Mary, whom Jesus loved. It was here that he raised their brother Lazarus from the dead.

Supt. Now turn to this map of Jerusalem, and point out the places of interest in and about the city.

16*th S.* Here is the temple where Christ talked to the Elders when but a child, and out of which he afterwards drove the money-changers, bidding them not to make his Father's house a house of merchandise. This is the pool of Bethesda, where Christ cured "the man that was diseased eight and thirty years." (John v. 2–10.)

17*th S.* This, at the right, is the Mount of Olives, from which Christ made his triumphal entry into Jerusalem. It was here he talked to his disciples, Peter, Andrew, James, and John, a few days before his crucifixion, prophesying the destruction of Jerusalem, and exhorting them to watchfulness. Here, nearer the city, is the Garden of Gethsemane, where Jesus spent the night before his betrayal, praying, and in great agony of soul; and there he was when Judas betrayed him with the kiss.

18*th S.* This spot is Calvary, the place that witnessed our Saviour's sufferings and death. There he was crucified with the two malefactors, one on either side. There stood the horde of Roman soldiers who drew lots for his garments. There, at the foot of the cross, stood the weeping women and the beloved disciple; and there, with a prayer on his lips for the forgiveness of his enemies, died Jesus the Christ. He who told us that "greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends," laid down his life for us, that we might be saved from sin.

Supt. And let us all remember how much we owe to him, and never cease to love and follow him, as he commanded us. Let us seek to be of the same spirit, full of compassion and unbounded love, and we too shall be counted as his disciples.

OUR QUESTION-BOX.

How large may a Primary or Infant Class advantageously be kept?

If a separate room for the youngest children cannot be provided, the class must not be larger than can be interested by a teacher speaking in a low tone of voice. The same rule would apply to all grades. But if the primary class can be accommodated with a room separate from the body of the school, then it may be as large as the capacity of the teacher to interest them and control them will allow. In such classes the exercises being largely concert exercises, a class of twenty children or more might be advantageously managed. In a mission school of one of our churches the Primary Class contains sixty children, and they are well taught by two teachers, — much attention being devoted to singing and to recitations in concert.

Shall a child be forced to go to Sunday-school; or be allowed to make a trial of it, and then if he does not like it, to leave?

We know a little girl who was put into a Kindergarten school, which is much more interesting than a Sunday-school, and in which the time of the session is longer. There was everything there to make her happy, but she did not like it. Some children require as much time as grown-up people to get to like new things. The little girl's mother did not cast the blame on the Kindergarten, and say that her child must not be forced to learn anything; but she went with her every morning for two weeks, and seemed to enjoy it so much that the little girl came to like it too. All mothers have not so much time or patience or tact; but almost all mothers will admit that a little child is not the best judge of what is good for it.

Should a child be allowed to take books from a Sunday-school Library, if he does not go to the church, and has only been to the Sunday-school once?

If this "once" was not the last time as well as the first, the child is a member of the school. He has therefore the privileges of all the others, and is entitled to them so far as they do not defraud another child of his rights.

Shall we be honest, carefully conscientious, in giving Bible information to pupils, even to the youngest?

No teacher is a safe guide to "even the youngest" if he or she is not "honest, carefully conscientious," in all things. A teacher cannot be "honest" sometimes and dishonest at others without loss of moral tone, which will be discovered by the children. The particular point seems to be the giving of "Bible information." Now, to *inform* any one you must tell him what is true; else he has not been informed, but only entertained. A fairy story entertains, but it cannot be called "information;" and if a fairy story be told as a fairy story, or poetry be stated to be poetry, and fact to be stated for fact, then all the ground is covered conscientiously and truly. It is never best, however, to give a guess for fact, or a doubt for fact. This is not Bible information, but information about the state of the teacher's mind. Yet we are bound to teach truly whatever we teach. We need not teach the youngest the lessons which only the oldest can understand; but whether primary or more advanced, the teaching should be true.

Our Book Table.

CLASS B.

Books for Intermediate Pupils.

ROLF HOUSE. By Lucy C. Lillie. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. pp. 266. Price, $1.00.

This is a wholesome and pleasing story, — the sequel to "Nan" by the same author. The interest is well sustained to the end. The character of the heroine is developed by adversity no less than by her happy life at Rolf House. The book contains many excellent lessons for young people.

CLASS C.

Books for Teachers and Adult Classes.

PESTALOZZI'S LEONARD AND GERTRUDE. Translated and abridged by Eva Channing. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. pp. 193. Price, 80 cents.

We have before called attention to the admirable series of educational works which Messrs. Heath & Co. are publishing. "Leonard and Gertrude" is an exposition in story form of the principles of social, political, and personal education. As a romance it is delightful, and not only bears, but invites, many readings. We have known parents and teachers to whom this remarkable book has been for years a constant source of stimulus and instruction.

MEMOIR OF WILLIAM HENRY CHANNING. By O. B. Frothingham. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. pp. 486. Price, $2.00.

We wish every Sunday-school teacher would "read, ponder, and inwardly digest" this noble biography, to the end that he might afterwards tell his pupils the story of one of the sweetest and manliest saints of modern times. Our young men and women would find the book filled with delightful pictures of a winning self-consecration and a courageous devotion to the pursuit of truth and the help of humanity. Mr. Frothingham has written the life of his friend with artistic sympathy and grace. He gives us a clear insight into the great moral and religious movements with which Mr. Channing was so closely identified. The rising generation should be taught the greatness of the age which tried so many souls, and the nobility of the men on whom the trial set the seal of an exalted manhood.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL INTELLIGENCE.

THE closing course of the series of lecture-talks arranged by the Unitarian Sunday-School Society was given by Rev. S. H. Winkley, in Channing Hall, on successive Thursdays in March. His topic was Sunday-school teaching, which was unfolded in its aims, conditions, methods, and results. In his opening talk on "Aims," Mr. Winkley set forth the five objects of Sunday-school teaching to be the inculcation of Virtue, Morality, Philanthropy, Piety, and Faith. These aims as thus stated form an ascending series. First comes the teaching of virtue, the well-being of the individual. Then follows morality which includes virtue, but goes beyond it into the relations men sustain to one another. Next comes philanthropy, or doing good from the love of man. After this is the great principle of piety, or love to God, — an interest in God it might perhaps be called. Finally there is faith, perfect confidence in the loving Father. This includes all the rest. "One who has faith in God loves God; one who loves God loves his fellow-men; he who loves men will practise morality; and, if morality, then virtue." Mr. Winkley would welcome to his school a teacher who would work steadily with any one of these five aims as a guiding principle. But the ideal teacher will keep them all constantly in mind.

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